

State Library

THE

Raleigh Enterprise.

VOL. II. RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1905. NO. 6

LETTER FROM BILKINS.

How the Mighty Have Fallen—Fife Drops from Evangelist to Promoter—The Major Will Try to Enforce the State Laws, and Will Carry Along a Transport Filled With Colic Cure, But Desires Help.

Correspondence of the Enterprise.

I hev bin readin' sum talk frum Bill Fife, the reformed evangalist, erbout hiz sellebrated oil mine, or gold mine stock—I fergit which hit iz—fer there iz so much money an' gold mixed up in hit; an' I don't wuat ter think ov Bill.

In one ov the advertizemints that covered a whole page in a paper, there wuz a pickture ov Bill a-standin' on a rock givin', az he sed, "dollars fer dimes," an' the folks were awl eround him scramblin' ter swap dimes fer dollars. I reckon Bill got that idee frum Andy Carnegie an' iz tryin' ter git rid ov a lot ov surpluss welth before he pegs out.

I figgered an' figgered an' I couldn't make out wuat sort ov a game Bill wuz playin'. After awhile I showed the pickture ter Betsy, fer she iz gude at unravin' things. "Hain't Bill Fife one ter Parrydice yit?" axed Betsy. "No," sez I, "he iz hangin' out at Sharlit sellin' minin' stock or almost enything that will make folks rich."

"The last time I seed him," sed Betsy, "he wuz preechin' against awl sorts or riches an' other wickedness, an' I thought he wuz too gude ter stay in this country long. He tole the people that money wuz the root ov awl evil, and warned them ov the dangers ov accumulatin' riches. He sed hit wuz easier fer a cambel ter go through the eye ov a needle than fer a rich man ter enter the Kingdom ov Heaven, which wuz quoted frum the Bible."

You never know wuat a day will bring forth. The wurd iz full ov folks wuat air too gude ter last or too mean ter live; mity few ov them kin strike a gude average an' be tolerably gude only, an' sorter keep hit up awl the way through life, gittin' a little bit better az the hot fires ov youth burn less fiercely.

I reckon Bill Fife belongs ter the too-gude-ter-last squad. He hez gone awl day with cold feet many a time in the winter bekase he didn't want ter let folks see him encouragin' fire, the devil's principal stock in trade. Alas! poor Bill. You may yit drop so low that you will sum day be a drummer on the rode. But most enything iz better than bein' a hypercritical evangalist or a permoter.

I seed a peece in your paper last week headed: "Where Are My Braves?" You critisized sum ov the offisers fer not enforcin' the Watts law an' the Ward law. I'm a-goin' ter make a sresialty ov that an' the cap won't fit me. I've done bin out prospeectin' fer sum ov them fellers in my kerpassitiv az consterable, justis ov the peece an' perspective candy-date fer the legislater. I didn't see eny blind tiger tracks nor hear eny blockade still whistles blowin' in Martin Creek Township. I tuk a bottel ov colick cure erlong an' found hit gude ter keep off the collick an' keep snakes frum bitin' me. I've bin readin' erbout how Admiral Rogeswhensky tuk hiz fleet through by havin' transports go erlong with coal an' pervishuns. Hit give me an idee.

I'm goin' ter rig up a transport an' load hit with collick cure the next time I go out huntin' fer violaters ov the law. In that way I won't hev ter hurry back an' won't run short ov collick cure at a critykal time.

I've bin thinkin' I'd git Sinator Simmons an' Joseephus Daniels ter cum out an' help me keep things strate. They helped ter eit us in this box an' I want them ter help ter guide the ship through. They hain't sayin' nor doin' a blamed thing ter help save the State. I'm afeared they both hev the legislative lokomotive affixy. There iz awlso a lot ov the the members ov the legislater that orter wake up an' do sumptin'. I know a "ude meny ov them would go on a hunt fer violaters ov the Watts law if they knowed that a transport wuz goin' along filled with collick cure. In fack, I think Guverner Glenn orter call the legislater in special seshun an' make them go huntin' fer blind tigers an' things.

Yours,
ZEKE BILKINS.

True to His Convictions.

Stephen Girard made no pretense of religion himself, and showed scant courtesy for the religion of other men. And yet Stephen Girard had profound respect for the religion that made men faithful.

One Saturday he ordered his clerk to come the following day and unload a vessel which had just arrived. It was no work of necessity or of mercy. It merely suited the millionaire's convenience that the vessel should be unloaded as quickly as possible, and sent to sea again. One of his clerks had strong convictions, and courage to act upon them.

"I am not accustomed to do unnecessary work on Sunday," he said, "and I cannot come."

Mr. Girard was astonished; he was not accustomed to disobedience, and had no mind to tolerate it. He told the young man that unless he could obey instructions he must give up his position, and the young man went.

For three weeks the discharged man walked the streets of Philadelphia looking for a position. His mother was perilously near to want, and the question forced itself upon him, repeatedly whether his convictions had required of him so great a sacrifice.

When he was almost discouraged he was surprised to receive a message from the president of the new bank, offering him the position of cashier. Very gratefully he accepted it, and later he learned that it was Stephen Girard who had nominated him for the situation. The president had asked Mr. Girard if he could find him a suitable man for the place, and Mr. Girard, after some reflection, named this young man. The banker was surprised that he should name a man whom he had lately discharged.

"I discharged him," said Mr. Girard, because he would not work on Sunday; but the man who will lose his situation from principle is the man you can trust with your money."

Even men who have no religion of their own appreciate in others convictions that make them faithful.—Exchange.

Smoke Fisher's Unita cigar. Union made.

NO ARRESTS.

The Fiends Who Killed Watchman, Robbed Safe and Set Fire to Standard Oil Plant Still at Large.

The local police have been busy since Saturday morning trying to get trace of some clue that might lead to the capture of the safe crackers who killed night watchman Strickland and burned the plant of the Standard Oil Company early Saturday morning. It is said that Pinkerton detectives were soon on the ground, also, and it has been rumored that they are now satisfied that two men belonging to a gang of expert safe crackers did the job, and that they will soon locate and arrest them. But that story sounds improbable, and may be a ruse to throw the criminals off their guard.

All indications pointed to bunglers, and unless it is proven that experts did the work, the bungler theory will appear the stronger.

The killing of the watchman was against the expert theory, for they avoid murder. The improbability of finding a large quantity of money in an office of that kind also weakens the expert theory. They do not, as a rule, undertake risky jobs for a few dollars.

The remains of Watchman Strickland were found where the stable of the company had stood near the large storage tanks, at one of the keys he must use in punching his time clock. That accounts for the fact that his body was only partly consumed. The watchman is required to go all over the premises every half an hour during the night, and keys are suspended by chains at different points and the watchman must use each one of the keys in the clock during every round, and the time is recorded in the clock. This prevents neglect of duty and prevents the watchman from taking a nap, or, if he does, the clock will show such neglect the next morning. Watchman Strickland carried the clock suspended around his neck by a chain. It was opened and it was found that he punched it with No. 4 key at exactly one o'clock, and near the location of that key his remains were found. No doubt he was struck down by the assassins at that hour. The fire was not discovered until 2.40, hence the robbers had probably consumed an hour and a half getting into the safe and then fired the building hoping to destroy evidence of the terrible tripple crime.

The night before the fire Mr. T. F. Brockwell entered his gunsmith and bicycle shop on Salisbury street. He found a man in the shop who fired at him with a pistol. Being unarmed and at a disadvantage, Mr. Brockwell wisely retreated. He soon found a policeman and returned and searched the shop, but the intruder had disappeared. Nothing was missed. Doubtless Mr. Brockwell's uninvited visitor was looking for tools then. But it is believed that the hammer, crowbar and other tools used in opening the safe at the Standard Oil plant were stolen from the Seaboard Air Line Company the same night the crime was committed.

The Standard Oil Company's loss in the fire is placed at about \$30,000 for building, kerosene oil, lubricating oils, gasoline, five mules, etc. The

robbers only found between fifteen and twenty dollars in the safe.

The Company will rebuild at an early date, but it is doubtful if the city will grant a building permit for the same location, as it is now surrounded by homes. It is possible that they will be compelled to build somewhere outside of the city limits as a matter of safety.

The oil in two large tanks was not burned and they did not explode. There will be no lack of oil supply ample quantities being now en route.

Watchman Strickland's remains were buried Sunday afternoon. He was 24 years old, and came here from Clayton, where he lost an arm in a cotton gin a few years ago. He could only fill a position like that of watchman, owing to the loss of the arm. He had only been with the Standard Oil Company since May 1st.

A rumor has been current that watchman Strickland told a man between ten and eleven o'clock on the night the crime was committed that he felt that something was going to happen, and that he had tried to get some one to take his place as watchman. Possibly it was a presentiment, for there is no doubt that some people have such experiences.

Mr. J. H. Smallbrook, an official of the Standard Oil Company, is here this week in conference with district manager Whitaker.

Cats and Shells.

A lady who was in Port Arthur during the bombardments ordered by Admiral Togo has described the curious effect it produced on cats by the cannonade. "I was at my window during each bombardment," she has related, "but only through the day, because at night I did not dare stir out of bed. In front of me there was a little roof on which five or six cats of the neighborhood collected. Each time there was a bombardment the cats duly arrived, and having observed them, I on the second occasion proceeded to watch them. With my family we passed the hours looking at them. At each gunshot the cats arched their backs and stiffened their legs, and seemed both terrified and furious. Then when a hissing shell arrived it gave the signal for a frightful battle. They jumped at each other, raging like tigers, and seemed to hold each other responsible for what was taking place. The effect was so comical we could not help laughing, although the occasion did not inspire gayety. After having fought the cats retired for awhile, as though bewildered, but as soon as the bombardment commenced again they went through the same business. Each time it was always the same." —St. Jams Gazette.

Man and the Universe.

Sir William Ramsay, the great English scientist, said: "All our progress since the time of Sir Isaac Newton has not falsified the saying of that great man that we are but children, picking up here and there a pebble from the shore of knowledge, while a whole unknown ocean stretches before our eyes. Nothing can be more certain than that we are just beginning to learn something of the wonders of the world in which we live and move and have our being."